

# THE DAILY BANNER

Mrs. Dorr's poem was magnificently rendered by Prof. Churchill. Below is the production complete:

## VERMONT.

BY MRS. JULIA C. DORR.

**O WOMAN FORM** majestic, strong and fair,  
Sitting enthroned where in upper air,  
Thy mountain-peaks in solemn grandeur  
Piercing the splendor of the summer skies.—  
Vermont! Our mighty mother, crowned  
In all the glory of thy hundred years!  
If Then dost bid me sing, how can I but  
sing?  
What though the lips may tremble, and  
the voice  
That fane would grandly thy grand deeds  
rehearse?  
May falter, and the stammering  
tongue  
Leave all unrhymed the rhymes that should  
be sung?  
I can to thy bidding, as is meet,  
Bowing in humble homage at thy feet—  
Thy royal feet—and if my words are weak,  
O crown-ed One, twant thou dinst but me!

## XI.

Yet what is there to say,  
Even this proud day,  
This day of days that hath not oft been  
said?  
What song is there to sing  
In this our Nation's song?  
What laurel can we bring  
That axes have not hung  
A thousand times above thy glorious head?  
The living is left us for our giving,  
That is not shaped to other brooks.  
That worn it long ago?  
Our song is still the same,  
Breathes centuries age!  
Earth has no choral strain,  
No sweet or sad refrain,  
But the old song is still clear.  
That Virgil did not know,  
Or Dante, wandering slow  
In his dim realms, did not pause to hear!  
When gone from Homer's lips with flame,  
To touch the Nation's lips with flame,  
The morning stars together sang  
To tell the long ocean measure on.  
For him the mighty winds intoned  
Their deep-voiced chanting, and for him  
was born the sea, and sky he caught.  
The spell of their divinest thought,  
While yet it blossomed, fresh and new,  
As the first rose of May,  
Oh! to have lived when earth was young,  
With all its melodies unning!  
The dome, the bower, the bower,  
When song itself was newly born,  
The Incarnation of the Morn!  
But life is but a story told,  
And poet tongues are manifold!  
And he who tries to make  
Even for a day a tale to make,  
In voice, or pen, or lyre,  
Sparks of the old Prometheus fire!

## XII.

And yet—O Earth, thank God!—the soul  
Is as immortal as the eternal stars!  
O, trembling heart! take courage and be  
strong,  
Hail to a voice from yonder crystal  
bars!—  
Did the rose blow last June?  
Did the stars rise and set?  
At once create the mountains,  
Are the light clouds floating yet?  
Do the rivers run to the sea?  
Do the hills rise and fall?  
Do the little ones sing mirth and mirth,  
As the seasons come and go?  
Are the hills as fair as of old?  
Are the skies as blue and fair?  
Have you lost the pamp of the sunset,  
Or the light of the evening star?  
Has the great ocean from the morning?  
Do the wild winds still roar?  
There now no shelter of hills,  
Beating the storm-lashed shore?

## XIII.

"I love a forgotten story!  
Is Passion a jestor's theme?  
Has Valor thrown down its armor?  
Is Love a dream? Is Death a curse?  
Is there no pure true woman?  
No conquering faith in God?  
Are there no feet strong to follow?  
In the paths the martyr's trod?  
Did you find no hero graves  
When your violets bloomed last May?  
Profound the gloom of Marathon,  
Or 'old Platea' day?  
When your red sons white and blue  
Wore them, not stripes and voices  
To receive them with a smile?  
Oh! let the Earth grow cold;  
And the burning stars grow cold;  
And, in the quiet of the story told,  
Yet pure as faith is pure;  
And sure as death is sure,  
As long as love shall live, shall song endure!"

## XIV.

When one by one the stately, silent Years  
Glide like pale ghosts beyond our yearning  
heights,  
Vainly we stretch our arms to stay their  
flight,  
So soon, so swift, they pass to endless  
night.  
We hardly learn to name them,  
To praise them, or to blame them,  
To know them, to envy them,  
Even in their enimy places!  
Only once the glad Spring greets them;  
Only once fair Autumn's glory;  
Only once the Winter's beauty;  
Only once the Winter's boughs!  
Years leave their work half-done; like  
years, when ungathered to their graves  
they pass.  
And are the years, what they strive to do  
Lives for a while in memory of a few;  
Then over all Oblivion's waters flow.  
The years are buried in the Long Ago!  
But when the years die, what room is  
there for tears?  
Rather in solemn exultation let us come  
With the work of dreams,  
With the work in won;

With blare of bugles, and the liquid flow  
Of silver clarions, and the long appeal  
Of the clear trumpets ringing peal on peal  
With roar of bells, and hosts in proud array  
To pay meet honor to its burial day!  
For its proud work is done. It lies in  
the earth, where it was born.

Where all the ags that come after it  
Shall read the eternal letters, blazoned high  
On the dome of the imperial sky,  
What ruthless fate can darken its re-  
nown?  
Or dim the lustre of its starry crown?  
On more than Time's centurys stand alone;  
And each, for glory or shame, hath  
reaped what it had sown!

## XV.

But this—the one that gave these birth  
A hundred years ago, and died alone!  
Who from the watery earth had a mightier brother,  
Passed but last year! Twin-born indeed  
For we two've months to the womb of  
time.  
Pregnant with agot—hand in hand they  
With clear, young eyes uplifted to the stars,  
With great, strong souls that never stopped  
For bane,  
Through gloom and darkness up to glorious  
day!  
Each knew the other's need; each in his  
breast  
The subtle, closest kin confessest;  
Mount'd the other's honor as his own;  
Nor feared to sit upon a separate throne;  
Nor loved each other less when—wondrous  
One gave a nation life, and one a State!

## XVI.

Oh! rage the cords in which each was packed,  
In the infant Nation, in the infant State!  
Rough nerves were the Centurys that mocked  
At mother-kiss, and for mother-arm,  
Gave their young nurshing sudden harsh  
Quick blows and stern rebuffs. They bade  
them wait,  
Often in cold and hunger, while the feast  
Was spread before them, and though last not  
least,  
Gave them sharp swords for playthings, and  
the din  
Of actual strife for the mimic strife  
That childhood gloried in!  
Yet not the less they loved them! Spartan  
Who could not rear a weak, effeminate  
brood.  
Better the forest's awful solitude,  
Better the desert spaces, where the day  
Wanders from dawn to dusk and finds no  
life.

## XVII.

But over all the timeless years swept on,  
Till side by side the Centurys grew old,  
And the young Nation, great and strong  
and bold,  
Forged in the deep struggle, in triumph later  
won!  
It stretched its arms from East to West;  
It gathered to its mighty breast  
The every heart, and every soul;  
The hunted sons of want and toil;  
It gave to each a dwelling-place;  
It blem'd them in one common race;  
And, with the banner of the free,  
Wide flew the banner of the free!  
It did not fear the wrath of kings,  
Nor the dread grip of deadly dangers;  
It did not shrink from battle, nor hardy  
Dishonor sheathing its foul sword,  
Nor faithless friend, nor treacherous  
foe;  
Stuck in the dark by stealthy foe;  
For over all its wide domain,  
From shore to shore, from main  
to main,  
From vale to mountain-top it saw

The reign of plenty, peace, and law!

## VIII.

Thus fared the Nation, prosperous, great,  
and free,  
Proud of its birth, of the good to be,  
And on its banner, wave of content,  
The lesser State, the while, serenely went,  
Safe in her mountain fastnesses she dwelt,  
Her sons care forgot, its woes unfelt,  
And thought her bitterest tears had all  
been shed.

For peace was in her borders, and God  
reigned overhead.

## XIX.

But suddenly over the hills there came  
A cry of woe, of pain, of grief, and shame—

From the Nation in some sore distress,

Stricken down in the pride of its might.

With passionate ardor up she sprang,

And her voice like the peal of a trumpet

rang—

"What hap' what hap' brave sons of mine!

Strong with the strength of the mountain pine!

To the front of the battle, away! away!

The Nation is bleeding in deadly fray,

The Nation, it may be, is dying to-day!

On, then, to the rescue! away! away!

On, then, to the rescue! away! away!